

# The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED: IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOBLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

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5d. Stamped.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE LESSEE and DIRECTOR begs to announce that he has arranged to give FIVE GRAND PERFORMANCES of Opera, for which special purpose he intends to bring the following eminent artists to the metropolis:—Mdlle. Titiens, Mdlle. Volpini, Mdlle. Trebelli, Mr. Sims Reeves, Signor Bettini, Signor Bossi, Signor Volpini, Signor Marchesi and Mr. Santley. Conductor, Signor Arditi. The performances are arranged to take place as follow:—Saturday, October 24; Monday, 26; Tuesday, 27; Thursday, 29; and Saturday, 31. These performances can on no account whatever be extended, as the great artists must finally leave for the Continent to fulfil their winter engagements. The first performance will take place on Saturday, October 24, on which occasion will be performed Gounod's celebrated Opera, "FAUST." Reduced prices:—Pit, 6s.; boxes, 5s.; dress circle, 7s.; orchestra stall, 12s. 6d.; gallery, 2s.; private boxes, half a guinea upwards. The opera commences at eight o'clock. The usual restrictions to evening costume will not be enforced. The box-office of the Theatre will open on Saturday next, October 17, under the superintendence of Mr. Nugent, where tickets and places may be obtained.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS,  
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7th, 1863.

MONSIEUR LOUIS JULLIEN (Son of the late popular chef d'Orchestre) has the honor to announce to the Nobility, the Gentry and the Public, that he will commence a series of PROMENADE CONCERTS, at the above Theatre, on SATURDAY, November 7th, the which, for Musical Attractions, Grandeur and Beauty of Decorations, will be found to have been unrivalled by any similar kind of entertainment given in this country.  
Full particulars will be duly announced.

JULLIEN'S CONCERTS, HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,  
commence on SATURDAY, Nov. 7.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The SIXTH SEASON will commence on MONDAY EVENING, Nov. 2. Violin, M. Lotto; Pianoforte, Mr. Charles Hallé. Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street.

## HERMANN, PRESTIDIGITATEUR.

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GREAT SUCCESS.

HERR HERMANN has the honor to announce that, in consequence of the great success and flattering reception he has met with, he will CONTINUE his PERFORMANCES Every Evening until further notice. Commence at 8 o'clock.

## OPERATIC ACADEMY.

MR. HOWARD GLOVER, Composer of the Operas "Ruy Blas," "Once too Often," "Aminta," the Cantatas "Tam o' Shanter," "Comala," &c., respectfully announces that he has OPENED AN ACADEMY for the STUDY and PRACTICE of OPERATIC MUSIC. Students, besides private instruction, will have the advantage of practising together, rehearsing occasionally upon the stage of one of our Metropolitan theatres, and when sufficiently advanced of taking part in public performances. They will thus acquire a complete knowledge of all the standard operas with the dialogue, recitatives, concerted pieces, and stage business (so embarrassing to novices), which, as we have no regular provincial opera houses, it would be impossible for them to gain by any other means. The success which attended the Musical and Dramatic Academy, which Mr. Howard Glover instituted in conjunction with his mother, the late celebrated actress, some years ago, affords him reasonable ground for the belief that, with increased experience, he may again be honored with the confidence of the musical world. The study of Oratorios will also form a part of the course of instruction, and the advantages of the school will be open to efficient amateurs as to professional students. Terms 10 guineas per quarter (exclusive of the hire of music), paid in advance. A fee of half-a-guinea charged for trying the voice, and giving professional opinion. There will also be classes for the study of the Italian, French and German languages, a knowledge of which is so important to the musical artist. All applications to be made, in the first instance by letter, addressed to Mr. Howard Glover, at Messrs. Duncan Davison's Music Warehouse, 244 Regent-street.

MISS EMMA HEYWOOD will sing THIS EVENING, and every evening next week, "THE SHIP SAILLED ON," composed expressly for her by RANDEGGER, at the Theatre-Royal, Drury Lane, in Lord Byron's tragedy of *Manfred*.

MISS JULIA ELTON will sing HENRY SMART's new song, "Bird of my dwelling," at the City Hall, Glasgow, on Saturday evening, October 4th.

MISS HELEN HOGARTH, Teacher of Singing, begs to inform her Friends and Pupils that she has returned to Town. 69 Great Russell Street, Russell Square.

MDLLE. LOUISA VAN NOORDEN (Soprano) begs to announce her return to London for the Winter Season. Communications respecting engagements for Concert and Oratorio in town and country to be addressed (as usual) to her residence, 115 Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury. Mdlle. L. VAN NOORDEN will sing 17th and 24th October in Glasgow, and is free to accept engagements *en route*.

MADAME MARCHESI-GRAUMANN, late Professor of Singing at the Conservatoire of Vienna, begs to announce that she has returned to her residence, 33 rue de Londres, Paris, and commenced her winter course of instruction in singing. For particulars, apply to Madame Marchesi in Paris, or to Signor Marchesi, 13 Bentinck Street, Cavendish Square, London, W.

MR. AND MRS. G. A. MACFARREN inform their Friends and Pupils that they have removed to No. 7 Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood, N.W.

MR. WILLIAM BOLLEN HARRISON (Professor of the Pianoforte) begs to inform his Friends and Pupils that he has returned to Town to resume his professional engagements. 34 Regent Circus, Piccadilly, W.

## ASCHER'S "ALICE."

M. ASCHER will play his Popular Solo, "ALICE," on Monday, October 19th, at Rugby; 20th, Reading; 21st, Bath; 22d, Clifton; 23d and 24th, Cheltenham.

## HERR REICHARDT.

HERR REICHARDT will sing his popular Lied, "THOU ART SO NEAR," and his admired Cradle Song, "GOOD NIGHT," on Monday, October 19th, at Rugby; 20th, Reading; 21st, Bath; 22d, Clifton; 23d and 24th, Cheltenham.

## RANDEGGER'S TRIO, "I NAVIGANTI."

MISS HUDDART, HERR REICHARDT and SIGNOR FERANTI will sing RANDEGGER's popular Trio, "I NAVIGANTI" ("THE WAIVERS"), on Monday, October 19th, at Rugby; 20th, Reading; 21st, Bath; 22d, Clifton; 23d and 24th, Cheltenham.

MUSICAL DIRECTORY, REGISTER, AND ALMANACK FOR 1864.—Notices of CONCERTS (especially those in the provinces) given since October 31st, 1862, should be sent at once to the Editor—at RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE & CO., 20, Charing Cross.

MUSICAL DIRECTORY, REGISTER, AND ALMANACK for 1864.—Prospectuses of MUSICAL SOCIETIES (town and country) old as well as new, should be sent at once to the Editor—at RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE & CO., 20, Charing Cross.

MUSICAL DIRECTORY, REGISTER, AND ALMANACK FOR 1864.—COUNTRY Publishers' Lists of Music published since October 31st, 1862, should be sent in not later than the 20th inst., to the Editor—at RUDALL, ROSE, CARTE & CO., 20, Charing Cross.

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The Music by ANNA MARIA EDWARDS.

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COMPOSES PAR LÉONIE TONEL.

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## MUSIC IN BERLIN.

(From our own Correspondent.)

In the last number of the *MUSICAL WORLD*, which has just come to hand, I read, firstly, that your correspondent "G. R." has left Paris for Berlin; and, secondly, that you hope (the hope being expressed in an editorial note) he will be able to find out what has become of your other correspondent, namely, myself. Profoundly touched by your solicitude as to my fate, I beg to inform you that I am still alive and in robust health. I am as ready, too, as ever to discharge my duty to the *M. W.*, and if I have omitted sending any communication for a few weeks, it has been because I have not had sufficient material for a letter, and was patiently waiting till I had. In the days of my youth I once perused—as I still distinctly recollect, despite the awful length of time which has elapsed since that happy period—a certain story in the *Sandford and Merton* style. It was entitled, if I am not mistaken, *Eyes and no Eyes*, or something of the sort, and set forth the results of a walk taken by two young gentlemen. With that love of strong contrast which generally characterizes the authors of tales for the rising generation, but which, as a rule, does not exist in nature, the author of the story in question represents one of the young gentlemen as gifted with a power of vision, metaphorically and literally speaking, far surpassing the capabilities of the most powerful microscope ever employed at the Polytechnic, or any other institution of a similarly scientific description, for the purpose of initiating the astonished audience into the wonderful structure of a fly's eye, or sending them home in a complete state of excitement by exhibiting to their horrified gaze the most repulsive-looking monsters disporting themselves in a drop of the water usually drunk by Londoners, and playfully devouring each other. This virtuous and clear-sighted young gentleman perceives something marvellous in, and extracts a moral from, every object he passes in his promenade, whether that object be a piece of flint, a towering oak, an old boot, or a deal-shaving. To adopt a popular saying; All is fish that comes to his net. His mental grasp is boundless; his knowledge without limit, and his taste oppressively philosophical. He is everything that is good and proper; so much so, indeed, that I felt acutely my own worthlessness when reading all he does and utters, and, *entre nous* *soit dit*, was rather inclined to hate him for a pert, prudish coxcomb, which, though natural—as I cannot help thinking—on my part, was, I confess, very wrong and reprehensible. The other young gentleman is a completely different personage. He follows—rather too strictly, perhaps—the maxim so often impressed by parents upon their offspring, that young people should hear, see, and say nothing. He does not dilate upon the beauties of a brickbat, and take it as a peg on which to hang a history of the captivity of the Children of Israel, or a long account of the erection of the Pyramids, with an ingenious theory as to how built those monuments of tyrannical absurdity. The sight of a thistle does not tempt him to indulge in a treatise on botany; and, if he spies an old iron saucepan, corroded by rust, in a ditch, he is either sufficiently master of his feelings not to burst out into a dissertation on those primitive nations among whom iron was unknown, or probably too ignorant to do so. I am free to confess, as honorable members of Parliament say, in the jargon happily confined to the House, that there may be the same difference between any other correspondent (who might be charged with "doing" Berlin for the *M. W.*) and myself as between the two young gentlemen in the story to which I have referred. Still, I think that, if any such other correspondent had been here during the last month or so, he would not have found more to record in the matter of music than I did. The most powerful glass ever made will not magnify nothing into something, and, for a considerable period, nothing was going on here, in a musical sense. Subsequently, however, I have been enabled to collect a few scraps, and I will now proceed to dish them up for your delectation, though I am afraid they will not form a very substantial meal.

At the Royal Opera House, novelty, as far as regards the works performed, *brille par son absence*. The following is a list of the principal operas produced since the commencement of the season:—*Oberon*, *La Fille du Régiment*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Les Huguenots*, *Margarethe*, *La Muette de Portici* and *Lucrezia Borgia*. In the last named opera, Mdlle. Parepa, as the young lady is designated in London, or "Miss Euphrosine" Parepa, as she is styled here, made her first appearance in this capital a short time since, as Lucrezia. She was well received, but hardly as well as she deserved to be. A man is at liberty to express his opinion, and, therefore, at the risk of catching a "saxon," *Anglicus*, being well rapped over the knuckles by the native musical critics who may happen to read this article, I must state it as my conviction that the good Berliners, like the self-sufficient Parisians, are somewhat averse to acknowledging excellence in any English artist or composer. It is an indisputable fact that works of the great masters, such as Handel, Mozart, Beethoven and Bach, are more often performed, and, I conscientiously think, more generally appreciated in England than in

any other country. It is equally certain that, in England, the name of Mendelssohn has become a household word; but the Berliners have been taught so long that England is far behind the natives of the continent in the cultivation of music, that they experience some slight difficulty in plucking out the cotton which Prejudice, by the pens of their critics, has stuffed in their ears. They acknowledge the beauty and purity of Mdle. Parepa's voice on the whole, but they object to her execution, which, according to them, wants finish. Having recorded the fact, I leave it, without comment, to the consideration of your readers. Grave objections, too, are taken to the fair artist's dramatic capabilities, strong hints having been thrown out that they are more adapted to the concert-room than the stage. On one point, however, every one is agreed, and that is: the wonderful purity with which Mdle. Parepa pronounces the German language. Some people, indeed, stoutly maintain that she must be a born "Fräulein," and not an English "Mees."

With regard to the other operas included in my list, I have not much to chronicle. M. Gounod's *Margarethe* (alias *Faust*) continues to attract good houses, but not such "bumbers" as formerly. The public are beginning to cool down a little in their enthusiasm, and to discover that, though undoubtedly a work of merit, *Margarethe* is not quite the wonderful *chef-d'œuvre* it was at first declared. Certain envious individuals even assert that the music affords evidence that, however great M. Gounod's natural talent may be, natural talent is not synonymous with genius, and that a careful study of other musicians, though praiseworthy in itself, may, while increasing his facility of production, not be entirely without influence on a composer's originality.—Meyerbeer's *Huguenots*, I need scarcely state, attracted a splendid house, as it always does. The performance, however, was nearly not taking place, in consequence of the sudden indisposition of Herr Theodor Formes, who, shortly before the time at which the curtain was to rise, sent word he could not sing. In this dilemma the management applied to Herr Polentz, of Kroll's Theatre, who undertook the part of Raul, just as London outfitters engage to supply a midshipman or emigrants to all parts of the globe, with every possible article of dress, from a great coat down to a tooth-brush, on the shortest notice. As a matter of course, the opera suffered a good deal by this unexpected substitution of one tenor for another. In the first place, Herr Polentz is not quite up to the part, and, in the next, in consequence of not having rehearsed it, he was not only frequently at sea himself, but compelled the other artists with whom he was playing to accompany him in his marine excursions, or, in other words, put them out considerably. He was, however, entitled to great praise for his pluck and readiness to oblige, particularly as he was, no doubt, well aware that a Berlin audience is by no means inclined to be merciful, or to make due allowance for the shortcomings inevitable on such occasions. The comments on Herr Formes would not have proved a source of unmitigated satisfaction to that gentleman had he happened to hear them. I have no doubt, by the way, that they were subsequently retailed to him by some "d—d good-natured friend," as Sheridan has it. Despite all the wonderful medicines we see advertised every day in the papers, there is not anything, as far as my knowledge goes, which is an infallible preservative against sickness. A man may be ill, and yet not merit censure. "But," observe the *habitués* and audience generally of the Royal Opera House, "when one of our artists takes his annual holiday he ought not to go into the provinces and sing three or four times a week, if, by his pursuing this course, the strain upon his powers is so great that he is laid up immediately he returns to Berlin, and cannot sing the very first time he is announced in the bills." I strongly surmise that Herr Theodor Formes obtained an inkling—through the instrumentality, probably, of the "d—d good-natured friend" already quoted—of the sentiments entertained by the public, for he has, according to report, sent in an application to be allowed to retire and be pensioned off. The management, however, who are unwilling to part with Herr Formes, despite his frequent attacks of indisposition, because they appreciate his talent and—have no one to fill his place—advised him to reconsider his determination, which in all likelihood he will do. So stands the matter at present. When it enters a new phase I will not fail to let you know. Meanwhile, I may add that Herr Formes has since reappeared, having sung the part of Gennaro to Mdle. Parepa's Lucrezia. Shakspeare's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*—with Mendelssohn's music, formerly given exclusively in the Theatre Royal, has been transported to the stage of the Opera House. I fancy it will soon be restored to its old quarters, and such is the opinion generally entertained. *Nous verrons*.

When speaking of *Les Huguenots*, I omitted to state that Mdle. Lucrezia sustained the part of Valentine to the manifest delight of the audience. I did so purposely, because I wanted to give this young lady, or certain observations connected with her, all the honor—and space—of a separate paragraph. You will recollect that, in a "Post-script" published in the *MUSICAL WORLD* of the 29th August, I ventured to assert that your valuable contemporary, the *Neue Berliner*



*Musik-Zeitung*, was going very much too far, when it gravely stated that Mdle. Lucca had eclipsed Mdle. Adelina Patti, whom the writer designates the "enfant gâté" of the London public. Referring to this, and speaking generally of music in London, a week or two ago, the above paper expresses itself as follows: "The poor journalists who write on music here are in as bad a predicament as a Berlin critic in the height of summer. The *Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung* is, therefore, delighted at having furnished the *MUSICAL WORLD* with matter for half a column of copy. The esteemed Berlin correspondent of our London contemporary objects to our asserting that Pauline Lucca has damaged Patti's reputation in London, or, at least, proved a dangerous rival. 'Vale,' the correspondent of the *MUSICAL WORLD*, denies this, and endeavors to place Adelina Patti's merit in the most favorable light possible, though, it is true, he does not refuse to recognise Mdle. Lucca's talent. We frankly confess that, if we were called upon to decide, we would joyfully give ten Patis for one Lucca, directly the question turned upon dramatic stage-singing. Mdle. Patti possesses a more artistic vocal method, and may, perhaps, vanquish many a rival in the concert-room; on the stage, however, it might not prove so difficult a task for Mdle. Lucca to oust her from the first position" ("dürfte die Lucca ihr leicht den Vorrang ablaufen"), "and we repeat that the matter will be decided in the next London season, when Mdle. Lucca will appear more than three times and sing more than one part."

How often do we experience the truth of the oft-cited maxim, "comparisons are odorous." Why will persons continue to make comparisons? Why cannot they praise one artist without doing so at the expense of another, especially when both belong to the gentler sex? Nobody is more willing than myself to acknowledge the beautiful voice and energetic style of Mdle. Lucca, but why need I say she is better than Mdle. Adelina Patti—especially when I do not think so? The remark addressed by Uncle Toby to the blue-bottle:—

"The world's big enough both for you and for me,"

is based upon a principle of liberality applicable to the case of the two fair artists in question. Surely the world is big enough for two *prime donne* to pursue their course without clashing with each other. But if your respected contemporary will draw a parallel, and will allow his correspondent to state that Mdle. Lucca eclipsed Mdle. Adelina Patti at Covent Garden, I feel bound to affirm that Mdle. Lucca did no such thing, and that it is not an act of kindness to lead her to suppose that she did. I appeal to every *habitué* of the Royal Italian Opera to say whether or not I am in the right. *Apropos* of Mdle. Lucca, she lately sang some songs to the Princess Royal at Potsdam, and the Princess in return presented her with a most tasty and valuable bracelet. The young lady has had a magnificent diamond ring, also, sent her from a very grand personage in London, though who that personage is I am not sure.

In chit-chat I am not over rich to-day. There is an abundance of deficiency—*passez-moi l'expression*—in this line that is almost unparalleled. Nearly my whole stock of information concerns *la belle Belge*, Mdle. Artôt, who will "star" it in Cologne very soon, if, indeed, she has not already appeared there. The papers say—and what the papers say must, of course, be true—that she has received the option of an engagement from the King of Holland personally, offering her a salary of 60,000 francs a year, on condition of her singing four times a month at the Theatre Royal, and from time to time at the court concerts. Previous engagements prevent her accepting the offer for the present. With this piece of intelligence, I beg to conclude my letter.

VALE.

P.S.—Though I have concluded my letter, I avail myself of the privilege of adding a postscript. If you have not been misinformed, and if G. R. is really in Berlin, I shall be happy to see him and place my pipe-rack, together with my cellar, at his disposal, despite my intimate knowledge of his partiality for smoking and his devoted attachment to cognac. In fact, I am so desirous of doing everything to please him that, if he wishes it, I will allow him to indite my letters to the *Musical World* for the next week or two.

[By no means, "Vale." Mr. G. Roores has returned to Paris, and ought to have sent us a letter last week. Mr. D. Peters has other business on hand, which Mr. Roores knows very well.—Ed. M. W.]

HOMBURG.—A grand vocal Festival took place last month. One thousand four hundred singers, from various parts of Germany, lent their aid, and more than thirty thousand persons were present on the occasion. Herr Garbe, of the Kursaal-Concerts, conducted. An overture by Dorn opened the concert. Among the pieces given, we may mention a Motet by Hauptmann: a Hymn, by Truhn; a Chorus, by Franz Lachner; a Chorus, by Abt; an aria from *St. Paul*; "O wär' ich am Neckar," by Rucklen; and "Ave verum," by Mozart.

#### A NEW OPERA BY HEINRICH MARSCHNER.\*

*Hiarne, the King of Song; or, the Tyring Sword*, a grand romantic opera, in four acts, words by W. Grothe, music by Heinrich Marschner, was brought out for the first time on the 13th September, at the Städtisches Theater, Frankfort-on-the-Maine. The management of the above theatre is unquestionably entitled to high praise for having been the first to produce the posthumous work of a talented composer, who was not German simply in name, and we are grateful to the chance which took us on the day of the second performance to Frankfort, when we were extremely surprised to see this interesting novelty announced, and naturally determined to hear it.

We will give a slight sketch of the subject before speaking of the musical portion. The first act commences with a short chorus of the vassals of Hiarne, who is himself a vassal of the Danish Crown, and, in consequence of his boldness in gaining the love of the Princess Asloga, the daughter of the King, Frotho, has been banished from Court, and, a prey to sorrow, is stopping at his castle. The vassals beg Hiarne's grey-haired bard to let them hear his songs. But he refuses, because he will strike the strings of his lyre only for Hiarne, the King of Singers. Hiarne now enters, sad and gloomy. He is exhorted by the bard to fly to his weapons, and, in joyous strife, to obtain the affection of some other maiden. Hiarne indignantly repels him. The sound of trumpets is heard without, announcing the arrival of Biörn, Hiarne's companion in arms. Biörn enters, and the two friends greet each other. Biörn brings the gratifying news that King Frotho is dead, and Asloga consequently free and able to bestow her hand as she chooses, since her brother, Friedebrand, Frotho's only son, has years previously embarked on a naval expedition, from which he has never returned, and is mourned as dead. But Uller, the uncle of Asloga, is determined to make her his wife, and thus gain possession of the throne, which the "Thing," or council of vassals, is disposed to grant him. If Asloga rejects Uller's suit she is to leave the royal palace, and, as a priestess, abandon the world for the temple of Balder. Reduced to a state of desperation by this intelligence, Hiarne resolves to call up the spirit of his ancestor Stoccadur, and to beg from him the sword Tyring, which Stoccadur has taken with him into the tomb, and which has the power of rendering its possessor invincible. His object in this is to encounter victoriously the demoniacal charm with which Uller is said to be armed. End of the first act. Hiarne's ancestor appears at his call, and hands his descendant the sword, Tyring, with the admonitory words that the weapon invariably secures victory to him who battles for right; but that if drawn from selfish motives, or used against right, it brings destruction on him who wields it. Hiarne, anxiously expected by Asloga, appears boldly at Court, and claims the Princess as his bride. Uller, who wishes to cross swords with him, takes to flight on seeing the charmed weapon, while the vassals joyously greet Hiarne as their king and the husband of Asloga. End of the second act.

In the third act we see Uller in a rocky ravine. He calls the demons of the lower world to his aid, but they mock him, and laud the invincible power of the sword, Tyring. Gottron, his faithful vassal, now appears with the news that Friedebrand, who was supposed to be dead, has unexpectedly landed with his warlike followers, and is prepared to wrest his sword from Hiarne. Uller's hopes of gaining Asloga's hand revive. Hiarne calls upon the unwilling vassals to march against their rightful lord. They, at last, obey his summons, as Asloga says that the report of her long lost brother's return is only an invention of Uller.

The combat between Friedebrand and Hiarne proves favourable to the former, for the sword, Tyring, drawn against the rightful heir to the throne, only fills the breast of Hiarne with dismay. The latter, flinging away the magic weapon, flees from the field. Friedebrand enters his castle as king, and, surrounded by his vassals, proclaims that he will grant his pardon to all who solicit it. Hiarne, disguised as an old bard, now enters, and begs permission to sing before the king. He sings the history of his passion, his banishment, and his victory over Uller, which gained him Asloga's hand. Finally, kneeling humbly to the king, he swears fealty to him, begging forgiveness, and the permission to retain, undisturbed, Asloga as his wife. Uller, who has found upon

\* From the *Niederrheinische-Musik-Zeitung*, the editor of which has the following foot-note:—"We, too, like the writer of the above article, were surprised at the performance of *Hiarne* in Frankfort. We must, however, decidedly deny the notion of Wagner's influence upon Marschner's music in this opera, for we are well acquainted with the score of the work, the text of which was partly altered at our suggestion. The music is as different as it well can be from Wagner's style, as regards both substance and form. The writer, by the way, contradicts himself in a most striking manner, for he first asserts that the opera contains 10 pieces (such as airs, duets, etc.) in the ordinary form, and afterwards directs our attention to two cavatinas, and an air, to which he might have added the beautiful duet between Hiarne and Asloga at the end of the first act.—L. B."

the battle-field the sword, Tyring, rushes with it upon Hiarne. But the sword proves a curse in his hand, and, in the midst of the derisive cries of the invisible spirits, he sinks in a sea of flames. Hiarne gives the magic sword to the king, who alone is worthy to wield it; and the king confirms the union of his sister with Hiarne. This brings the whole to a conclusion.

With regard to the music composed by Marschner on this *libretto*, the first thing that strikes us is the remarkable influence exerted upon the composer by the works of Richard Wagner. We never meet with an aria or duet written in the form hitherto usual, and according to rule, but, instead, the theory of endless melody often practically applied. There is the same progressive composition through the *libretto*, with hardly any repetitions, as in Wagner,—it is only now and then that we have a word or two over again, when a special effect is to be realised. The choruses form the sole exception. They are, from beginning to end, composed in Marschner's well-known close and spirited style. It is not, however, in the forms, but in the instrumentation as well, that the influence of Wagner is unmistakable, so that the instrumentation is frequently marked by a degree of brilliancy, light, and clearness that we have often missed in other works by Marschner, as, for instance, in *Der Vampyr*! But though, as regards form, Marschner has decidedly leant to Wagner's well-known principles, he has not done so unconditionally, or at the sacrifice of his own individuality. The rich stream of fancy has flowed as copiously as ever, although a different direction has been given to its course. Above all, we recognise the old Marschner in the magnificent choruses—as, for instance, in the chorus in the very first scene of the first act; in the finale of the second act; in the finale of the third act; in the warriors' chorus of the fourth act; and in the charming chorus of the elfs of the second act. The treatment, too, of the apparition of Stoccadur's spirit is interesting, as is also a cavatina of Asloga, in the first act; an air of Hiarne, in the fourth act; the indescribably fresh and animated finale of the second act, as well as that of the fourth, and the concerted piece which precedes it. We must, also, direct especial attention to Asloga's beautiful cavatina in the fourth act, and to the original narrative of Hiarne, disguised as a bard.

Respecting the performance, the public had every reason to be satisfied with it, both as regards the solo singers, as well as the chorus, orchestra, and *ensemble* generally,—the latter especially was all that could be desired. The admirable orchestra, which counts so many distinguished executants among its members, proved, at the very outset, in the overture, which is worked out in so interesting a manner, that, under Ignaz Lachner's approved guidance, it will forfeit none of its ancient reputation; and we cannot refrain from stating, finally, that the whole performance, which reflects great honor upon the management and company of the Frankfort Opera, has left upon us a completely satisfactory impression. May the other theatres of Germany follow the excellent example set by Frankfort, and do themselves honor by very soon producing, in an appropriate manner, the posthumous work of one of our best German operatic composers.

DRESDEN.—It has at length been decided that the interior of the Theatre Royal shall be renovated next May and June. Several members of the company have entered into negotiations for "star" engagements while the theatre is closed. Herr Schnorr Von Carolsfeld, together with his wife, will go in the spring to Königsberg, where he will sing in a number of operas, including *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*. He has also been invited by Herr Richard Wagner to sing at the latter's concerts in Vienna, and will, in consequence, take advantage of his leave of absence in November to do so. Previously, however, he will take part in a concert at Breslau, in celebration of the return of the king from the congress of sovereigns, and for the benefit of the poor a concert was given by the Royal Chapel. After Weber's "Jubel Overture," admirably performed under the direction of Herr Krebs, came Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, for solos, chorus and orchestra. The solos were sung by Madame Bürde Ney, Mdle. Reiss, and Herr Schnorr Von Carolsfeld. The choruses were executed by Dreyssig's Singacademie, and the chorus of the Kreuzschule, Herr Rietz conducting with his usual ability. The concert was brought to a close by Beethoven's C minor Symphony, conducted by Herr Krebs.

GHEENT.—The operatic season has commenced. Amongst the new members of the company is Madame Delannay Riequier, who was a great favorite at Antwerp. It does not appear, however, that she will be equally popular here, as her *débüt* as Marie in *La Fille du Régiment* produced a very unsatisfactory impression. Another new comer is M. de Surmont. His impersonation of Tonio was greatly applauded.

VIENNA.—Herr Joachim intends giving a series of concerts in March. It is said that, imitating the example set by Laub, he has serious thoughts of taking up his permanent abode here.

## "JOASH" AT NORWICH.

(From The "Athenæum.")

We must have done with the concert-music at Norwich, and come to graver matters. The most important sacred novelty of the week was the *Joash* of M. Silas, of which we are enabled to speak with precision, from the circumstance of the pianoforte score having been published before the performance of the oratorio: a fashion more convenient to those who must sit in judgment than discreet on the part of the composer, who, before having tried his effects on the public, by publication virtually announces that the production offered by him is susceptible of no improvement. Not so did Mendelssohn think—as the well-known history of the improvements made by him in *Elijah* subsequent to its first reception at Birmingham (with eight *encores*) illustrates with remarkable force. There were nine numbers, again, rejected from the *St. Paul*, as the thematic catalogue affixed to his second volume of letters apprises us. Our composers are more easily satisfied, it seems! *Joash*, divided into two parts, is entitled "a sacred drama, with words (excepting portions from Scripture) by George Linley." The story, which, hardly needs to be told, is that of Athaliah, has not been well arranged; and the words are of a platitude so unlyrical as well as undignified that M. Silas has been constrained to bend and break them, as his only chance of vindicating musical form. We need but specify the airs, No. 3, "When Jehosheba," and No. 8, "Look, seest thou not yon band of Levites," as illustrating the utter musical independence of the composer, without which there would have been no possibility of his bringing his work to a close, so entirely without suggestion is the text. That this must have been felt as a serious drawback by M. Silas we have small doubt, believing him to be a thoughtful musician; but it reduces a main portion of the oratorio to the plight of a string of movements, in which we are glad to escape from the words. The sacred drama contains six characters: Ishmael, Captain of the Levites (a tenor), and Mattan, a priest of Baal (baritone), being secondary ones. The others are Athaliah, the wicked Queen (soprano), Zebiah, the mother of Joash (mezzo-soprano), Joash, the boy-king (contralto), and Jehoiada, High-Priest (basso). Thus the composer has himself dispensed with the attraction of a tenor among his principal artists. But, generally, throughout the work of M. Silas a want of tact, rather than of talent, makes itself felt. A composer does not recur to us so distinct, if not always fresh, in his ideas, and often so clever in their treatment, who is so frequently deficient as he in that which has saved many a mediocre movement—the art of bringing it well to a close. Abruptness and surprise (save, perhaps, as used by M. Meyerbeer in his "Bénédiction des Poignards") exhibited in that portion of a composition are not strokes of genius so much as confessions of want of purpose and resource. They can only arrest the ear by causing it discomfort—a favorite recipe for effect in these days, but which so solid a musician as M. Silas need not have used.

The overture, in C minor, is built on a good phrase, diligently worked. The opening chorus in G minor (3 time), is very feeble,—the air for Jehoiada (in D flat) has been already adverted to. In No. 4, a chorus (in C minor), the phrase "All the workers of iniquity," is bad, as lending itself awkwardly to contrapuntal treatment and precise execution. The melody of the air (No. 5) "I do remember" is ample and flowing. The trio (No. 6) for mezzo-soprano, contralto and basso is pleasing, but unmistakably secular, even though it belongs to a drama; the well-known quartett in *Fidelio* is sacred in comparison. The chorus (No. 7) of "Priests of Baal" (in G minor), for male voices only, is one of the most effective numbers in the oratorio, though it was perilous work to deal with such a subject after the example of dramatic climax shown in *Elijah*. The great recitative and air for Athaliah, No. 8 (in C minor), are nothing better than a piece of ineffective bombast. No. 9, the March of Levites, in E flat, opens well, though not more serious in style than the marches in *Le Prophète* and *La Reine de Saba*; it becomes weak in the place where contrast and melody are most welcome—the trio. In No. 10, a chorus of Levites, (in E flat), the subject worked on the words "Trust in him" is not vocal, and the inattention to accent is desperate. No. 11, a grand duet between Athaliah and Zebiah (in B major) is, again, a piece of rant—and the use of the broken chords in the accompaniment to the voice, p. 109, offers a gratuitous difficulty for the singer without effect to repay it. After it, the elegant chorus of Pagan maidens (in G major) becomes a welcome relief. The *contralto* Prayer, No. 13 (in E major), continues the repose well, with due respect for variety. The chorus, No. 14 (in C major), which closes the first Part, has many good points. The subject of the fugue, "Shout with joy," has life and feature, though it lies in a compass too wide, and as such could hardly be elaborated for voices without some confusion.

Part the second opens with a dreary recitative and dialogue (No. 15) betwixt Athaliah and Mattan, where the composer appears again to have yielded to the cruelty of his text. No. 16 is another Baal Chorus, with excellent ferocious phrases (pp. 163 to 167 of the score), of figure in the accompaniment worthy of all praise. Nothing, however, can be

much more feeble and queer than the close (pp. 177 to 179). No. 17, Jehoiada's air, E major, in which the duties of a king, as superior to those of king-craft, are "improved" (as the old divines phrased it) in most heavy and unmusical language, is oppressively monotonous, though not without pomp in the *canitena*. No. 18, a six-part chorus (also in E major) is, to our thinking, the best number in the sacred drama,—well written for the singers, and its episode, introducing the orchestra (the movement being at first unaccompanied) skillfully handled. No. 19, a *contralto* song, is but sickly, and contains many false accents, as well as a resemblance towards the close, more remarkable than felicitous, to a phrase in "O rest in the Lord." In No. 21, a quartet with chorus, there is skill, but a tormenting monotony in the accompaniment. No. 22, a duet for *mezzo-soprano* and *contralto*, is not good; inflated, where the natural emotion of the scene should have been sufficient. No. 23 (in C major), an air for the bass, accompanied only by wind instruments, is tunable and elevated in tone; for M. Silas (be his shortcomings what they may), is seldom vulgar. He can be trivial though, as No. 24, in E major, a Chorus and Dance on the well-known words "God save the King," displays. His dancing measure is a *Mazurka*. There was an old man, called Handel, who treated this old story of Athaliah, the wicked Queen, and who introduced into it the same secular music too;—for the chorus "Cheer her, O Baal," had already figured as "Coralli e perle," in a former Italian opera. But in that there was no levity; in this, there is little else. As the close of the task of M. Silas is approached, the want of real devotional feeling seems to us more and more evidently displayed. Wanting this, as a first, second and last incitement to labor,—be the temptation what it may,—be the desire to write something to alternate with *The Messiah* ever so strong,—the musician had best not lay his gift on the altar. To conclude, the instrumental music of M. Silas had led us to hope for a better oratorio from him. We had a right to expect more nobility of conception,—recollecting his *Symphony* and his chamber trios, we had hoped for fresher melodies. We will not judge him as a writer for the voice from this specimen, though it must be urged that due feeling of what is fitting in one bent on such a task would have prevented his throwing away labor on language so unfit for musical purposes as that which he has here taken in hand. Should he attempt a second composition of the kind, he will do wisely to be more careful. His orchestra is sometimes skillfully handled and sonorous, sometimes needlessly experimental. The impression left, in brief, is a want of reality, without which there is no creation—only manufacture.

The oratorio was not well performed: and for two simple reasons. Given steam-engines, not singers, it would be difficult to render some of the combinations of M. Silas with that mixture of certainty and ease without which there is no good execution. But the singers dragged through their tasks in a plight of watchful anxiety;—the orchestral players, too, (and they, like the chorus, were a ready and efficient squadron) looked for guidance and found none.—M. Silas having no apparent requisite for conducting, save a desire to conduct. Effect after effect came out faintly or was altogether missed, and such chance as the work might have had, after much honest pains and careful preparation, was thrown away owing to the composer's want of self-knowledge. His is too common a folly; but none the less dangerous. That no conductor could have made *Joash* acceptable, must have been evident to any person who had studied the score, and seen what manner of points have been aimed at by the composer, and how many more obvious ones have been missed; but it is a pity that an opportunity which occurs only once in three years should be trifled with, and that the enterprise of those only too ready to move in the beaten and profitable track should run risk of being chilled, because every man fancies he can wield a *bâton*. Many a great conductor there has been (to name but two, Habeneck of Paris, and Guhr of Frankfurt), who has never in revenge treached on the composer's manner; in fancying that to appreciate and to impress others, was identical with the creative faculty. M. Silas has to thank himself for no inconsiderable portion of the imperfection of his success.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—An infamous swindle, in which the name of Madame Frezzolini played a principal part, was lately practised here. An individual, who passed himself off as the fair vocalist's agent, arrived about the commencement of September, and announced in the papers, for the 15th of that month, a musical and literary soirée, to be given in the rooms of the Union Hotel, by Madame Frezzolini, and Mr. Oswald, an American poet, the friend of John Brown. The tickets sold like wildfire. They were all taken before the day fixed for the concert—the 15th of September—arrived. At half-past seven, a long string of elegant equipages set down at the door of the hotel the *dilettante* who had been imprudent enough to part with their money. Great was the general surprise when the master of the establishment announced that Madame Frezzolini and Mr. Oswald had not arrived, but that the swindler who had organised this imaginary concert had gone off without paying his bill.

BRUSSELS.—The programme at the Theatre Royal de la Monnaie has lately failed to afford the public any reliable information as to what the performance would really be when the curtain rose in the evening. First one artist and then another sent word to say he was indisposed. The manager must have been at his wits' end. The last invalid has been M. Bertrand, whose inability to appear has had the effect of shelving, for a time at least, everything in the shape of grand opera. In consequence of the success achieved by M. Gevaert's Cantata, composed expressly for the inauguration of the statue of Jacques Van Artevelde, at the late fêtes at Ghent, the Administration Communale decided that it should be performed in the Belgian capital. Seconded by the Government and the Société Royale des Chœurs de Gand, which latter promised to lend its valuable assistance, it carried out its resolution on Wednesday the 7th inst. in the Temple des Augustins. As the Cantata alone was not long enough for the whole performance, the programme was completed by several miscellaneous pieces of choral and instrumental music. In addition to the Société Royale des Chœurs de Gand, the Band of the Théâtre Royal, the Réunion Lyrique, the Orpheonists of Ixelles, and the Lyre Ouvrière took part in the proceedings. The new Cantata naturally concluded the concert given in honor of M. Gevaert. The first piece was the Overture to *Zampa*, M. Boisselet being the conductor. Then came a Flemish chorus, "Tanz," after Otto, executed by the Société Royale des Chœurs de Gand. This was followed by the "March of the Nobles, from *Tannhäuser*, and the chorus of Bacchantes from *Philemon et Baucis* of M. Gounod. Both these compositions were executed by the band and the united choruses. Between them and the Cantata the final chorus of Beethoven's *Christ* was given. The *Guide Musical* speaks as follows of the great novelty of the concert:—"M. Gevaert's Cantata is a work of inspiration; serious, broad, graceful, tender and grandiose by turn. It is always true, natural, and suited to the subject. The composer's science is displayed in it without trenching upon the sentiment which should predominate in a production of this sort. Nothing can be more charming than the three strophes which precede the finale. They are the most happy and most successful ideas we have heard for a long time. Every one seized it, every one repeated it, and when the enthusiastic audience caused it to be performed over again, many persons among them, carried away by their feelings, joined their voices to those of the singers. The same phrase brings the Cantata to an admirable conclusion. The performance repeatedly elicited the loudest applause, which was redoubled when M. Gevaert, recalled by a thousand tongues, came forward to bow his thanks for the ovation of which he was the object. The Cantata was rendered with great precision and energy by the Société Royale des Chœurs de Gand. It was executed in the evening at the Théâtre Royal, where the effect was no less than in the Temple des Augustins. As in the morning, the hearty and continuous applause obliged M. Gevaert, who was in the front of the house, to go upon the stage and receive the sympathetic congratulations of the audience."

GUERNSEY.—Mr. Howard's operatic company was honored by a very full attendance last week at their recital of *Il Trovatore*, which pleased very much, the "Miserere," as well as other pieces, being encored. A miscellaneous selection followed, which, among other pieces, contained a new and clever composition by M. Emile Berger, set to the words of the "Inauguration Ode" of Mr. M. F. Tupper, and which was enthusiastically encored. It was capably sung by Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Hudson Lee, Mr. Howard, Mr. Dunster and Mr. Norman Kirby. The occasion was appropriate, as the uncovering of the statue to the late Prince Consort, for which ceremony Mr. Tupper wrote the ode, took place the same day.

JERSEY.—Mdlle. Enequist gave her second concert last evening, and the presence of the largest audience which has for many years been drawn together by music in Jersey, as well as the enthusiastic reception with which each piece was greeted, showed how well true talent is appreciated in Jersey. Those who heard Mdlle. Enequist for the second time must have felt how much, like all that is good and sterling, she gains upon acquaintance, that there is that in her voice and singing which would appear to bear endless repetition. "So joyous, so clear, and fresh" is it, and so much the music of nature, notwithstanding its premeditated art and studied training, we feel that we could listen to her everywhere and always.—(*Jersey Times*, 7th Oct.)

COLOGNE.—At the Victoria Theatre, Herr Marchesi, from the Grand Ducal Theatre, Weimar, lately gave a historical concert, in which he described the development of the aria, from 1590 (Giulio Caccini) to 1790 (Handel); illustrating his description by nine examples. The concert excited great interest among musical men.

THE HAGUE.—A National Festival was given here lately, when only works by Dutch composers were performed. Among them were, a Psalm, by Lübeck; *The Resurrection*, an oratorio by Heinze; an overture, by Boerl; and *The Surrender of Leyden*, by Hol.



## THE SONG OF CHALK.

(Continued from page 653).

"Th' MILLENIUM will far off be  
Till sin, and grief, and pain are stayed;  
The last subdue, (the way is free),  
The first step then to it is made."—Anon.

## Fytte the First.

Earthly Pastors—your Master healed the sick,  
If faithful, ye will in His steps go quick:  
Then will the Church triumphant praises sing,  
With strength and joy to the Eternal King.  
Till then, alas! will feeble voices cry,  
In music mean, with features all awry,  
Like quaint cheeks, carved in Temples low and high.  
But worse than this, such Pastors while they preach,  
Look tamely down on those who cough, or screech:  
Good Shepherds come to help Christ's tender flock,  
Disease to check, and faithless Pastors shock.  
Then too will cease throat clerical, so named:  
Collegians look to this, or ye'll be maimed.  
The Moving Organs give the body grace,  
Fastened by dust they blemish form and face.  
The Keen, and Blunt, the grave Theologists  
(Unwarp'd) may learn this from Myologists,  
Ask them to answer this without a curve,  
Would the uses of the vocal organs serve  
Man's wants as well were no provision made  
To throw out lime, life's bane, deep underlaid?  
Dispute the fact will they who dare not learn,  
Others will search it out however stern:  
The fact alone drove me to practise well\*  
That I might probe the deeper to expel  
Th' decruored mass, and found to my surprise  
The diaphragm, and all that adjacent lies,  
E'en spinal with the vocal chords did go,  
And all combine the waste to drain below.  
But fancy not the work of draining's done,  
Till flexibly the voice will shake and run,  
Lightly and clearly thro' each avenue;  
This best will show the muscle power in you.  
Learn not from those who teach to draw out sound  
Slowly with force: this practise runs aground  
The voices all of persons who are weak,  
And with grimace slow ballads learn to squeak:  
Assuredly this mimicry of Art  
No justice does, either to brain or heart.  
After the voice is flexible and strong,  
Then ye may sing sweet notes short and long.  
Affinity in voices most appears,  
When all the tubes no deadly matter bears.  
How many tubes connected there may be  
With vocal chords, Anatomists can't see;  
But this is clear, the voice is monstrous dull,  
When the ear tubes with septic matter's full.†  
Oh! Bannister, had I thy power to write  
On medicine, then my language erudite  
Would sound, tho' few (as it is said of thee)  
Prefer to state nice points in poetry.  
As in thy steps I've trod, my lines I hope  
Will be excused, since I must bow to Pope.  
And as they do a sense convey that's true,  
Despise them not—because the theory's new;  
Turn from it not, as none dare this abjure—  
Prevention should be in advance of cure.

\* I only became aware of the healing influence of my exercises in 1858. The result of my practising for two years fortunately led to the discovery of a physiological principle of working out calcareous and other deposits.

† My vocal exercises (the *modus operandi* of which I have recently much improved upon) have a great effect on the ear tubes. The daughter of a London surgeon now under their influence felt a cracking sensation about the region of the left ear. This lady is staying in my house for the benefit of her health and voice. My daughter, too, in the same week, lost a deposit (after a long practice the day before) as large as a common bean; August 20th, 1861, when her deafness of 22 years standing suddenly disappeared, and her voice instantly became stronger and clearer. This is the third case of chronic deafness cured by my exercises: they are undoubtedly the most harmless and certain means of eradicating this dreadful affliction.

THE CHORALIST, VOL. II. (BUSSELL, Dublin).—This volume consists entirely of hymns, a fitting sequel to the first, which comprised the greater number of the metrical version of the 150 Psalms of David, appointed to be sung in churches. The two volumes together make the most complete and interesting collection of psalms and hymns, both for public and private uses, that has ever come under our notice. When we consider the almost entire neglect of the musical portions of the ritual in our parochial churches, arising from the indifference of the clergy on one side, and the carelessness of the congregation on the other, we feel bound to give our meed of praise to a publication calculated, from its thoughtful selection and admirable arrangement, to stimulate both clergy and people to the improvement of this too long neglected, though not the least devotional, part of the beautiful ritual of the Church. With some very few exceptions, the music in our churches is entrusted to a few parish children or other young persons, joined occasionally by a few of the congregation, without the least attention to *tempi*, style, or oneness of enunciation—frequently the organ playing in one time, the children singing in another, and the parishioners in a third—all drawled, without the slightest devotional feeling, or the slightest manifestation of musical education on the part of the singers; and where an attempt is made at vocal harmony, the effect is hideous, the singers generally assuming the *bass*, and not that given by the organ; so that in most places of worship it would be better to omit the singing, as it is liable to generate ideas of the ridiculous, and take away from that seriousness and dignity which should always accompany public service. It has been well observed, in the preface of the work under notice, "that those stupendous revelations of Divine love which the gospel unfolds call for, in the ascriptions of praise to the triune God, distinct and appropriate expressions of the feelings which the devout contemplations of these Divine mysteries cannot but excite in a sincere Christian's breast." Neither of the other arts, however beautiful and impressive, can give utterance to praise. This belongs to music alone, and, when properly expressed in the temple, it manifests the gratitude of the creature to the Creator in gushing strains of sublimity, or melts the soul of the sinner to penitence, wafting it to the footstool of the Most High, there to plead for itself. This is the grandest and most appropriate use of the Divine art. Goethe says, "The worth of art appears most eminent in music, since it requires no material, no subject matter whose effect must be deducted: it is wholly form and power, and it raises and ennobles whatever it expresses." Another poet has well said—

Music is a bliss of Mercy's care,  
Sent down to man to keep him from despair.

But it is needless to multiply quotations. The Sacred Scriptures record its use in all the mighty celebrations of the chosen people; and we find in the New Testament that singing of hymns invariably followed prayer. Even our great reformers, when they had cleared the temple of pictures and statuary, sang the praises of their Heavenly Master in solemn song. No man was more anxious about the due performance of music during public worship than Luther himself. We owe the noble setting of the 100th Psalm and one of our finest hymns to his musical genius. Hence our readers will perceive that a work such as the "Choralist" was much wanted to incite both clergy and laity to an improvement in congregational singing—a portion of our ritual, if properly rendered, which aids the believer in devotion and thanksgiving, and makes the temple resound with praise. The poetry of the 200 hymns forming the second volume has been collected from the best sources. The tunes, most of them well known, have been arranged by various hands with much simplicity and skill, and the whole is carefully edited by Mr. Bussell. The score is clear and easily read, while the printing of the different verses under the one line of music is admirably devised and easily followed. The separate voice parts in small handbooks are equally worthy of commendation. Indeed we have little doubt but this ample collection of hymns will find its way into many of our churches, and we are sure that wherever it is adopted good congregational singing will be the result. The merits of the work for private practice in families anxious to study part-singing will be found on perusal so obvious as to strike all in the least acquainted with musical notation.—*Dublin Evening Mail*.

A GOOD "DRAWING" DRAMA.—The *Mercury*, of yesterday, in an account of the recent career of a clerk named Parker, (who absconded from his employers here with £2,500, and who has had the unaccountable good luck to escape scot free from the punishment due to such a crime,) says that he was induced to return £1,500 of the stolen money, after seeing a performance of the "Ticket-of-leave Man," in Birmingham. After such a sterling compliment to the moral effects of his drama—which thus "drew" £1,500 in one night—Mr. Tom Taylor ought to fit up a special reformatory for Parker, and keep him there for life, as a "caution."—*Liverpool Porcupine*.—(THERE!)

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TO PUBLISHERS AND COMPOSERS—All Music for Review in THE MUSICAL WORLD must henceforth be forwarded to the Editor, care of MESSRS. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street. A List of every Piece sent for Review will appear in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

TO CONCERT GIVERS.—No Benefit-Concert, or Musical Performance, except of general interest, unless previously Advertised, can be reported in THE MUSICAL WORLD.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. BAKER BUTCHER.—The letter next week. Mr. Thomas J. Williams, the poet of Mr. Wallace's *Desert Flower*, is a dramatic author of long standing. Among other pieces from his pen, which have been produced with more or less success, may be enumerated *Turn Him Out*, *Ici on Parle Français*, *The Trials of Tompkins*, *Jack's Delight*, *The Silent System*, *An Ugly Customer*, *Nurse Chickweed*, *On and Off*, *A Race for a Widow*, *Pee Written to Brown*, *Peace and Quiet*, *Ruth Oakley*, *Gossip*, *Truth and Fiction*, *Cruel to be Kind*, *The Belle and the Boor*, *The Little Sentinel*, *A Charming Pair*, &c., &c. Mr. Williams is a member of the Dramatic Authors' Society.

## The Musical World.

LONDON: SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1863.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

PARIS, Oct. 12.

SIR,—Since my return from Berlin I have heard the *Pêcheurs de Perles*, and agree with most of the opinions of Mr. Peters, my self-constituted substitute (I never invited him). I think, however, he might have said a word in favor of M. Ismael (Zurga), barytone, who has a good voice, good stage presence, and acts—sometimes over-acts—with vigor and intelligence. He might also have reminded you that the tenor, Morini (Nadir), is the same who has given so much satisfaction at the Théâtre Lyrique as the hero of M. Gounod's *Faust*. Nor should he have omitted to apprise you that Mlle. Maesen (not Maesen—the *e* is half the battle) rose from a sick couch, to play the part of Leila. Why, moreover, did not Mr. Peters call your attention to the fact, that the appearance of M. Bizet upon the stage, at the end of the opera—in answer to the clamor of his immediate friends, and the hollow vociferations of the *claque*—was against precedent, and contrary to the received etiquette, an etiquette the breach whereof is only overlooked in cases of a genuine artistic triumph, such, for instance, as that of Meyerbeer, in *Le Pardon de Ploërmel*?

The letter of Mr. Peters, though amusing, is incomplete, and occasionally inexact. For example, he accredits

"MM. Barbier and Co.," instead of MM. Cormon and Michel Carré, with this trashiest of librettos—a sort of *fricasée*, compounded of the *Vestale*, for which Spontini composed music, and *Jaguarita*, for which Halévy composed music—two more or less illustrious defuncts. Nevertheless, I thank him courteously for his zeal in volunteering to perform my duties, and thus letting you know (which I did not wish you to know) that I had slipped off to the Prussian capital, in the hope of hearing Adelina Patti. Serve me right! When I got there I found I was three weeks too soon, and that I ought to have gone to Hamburg. I consequently returned to Paris, leaving Adelina to the care of the eminently facetious Mr. Vale, who (as "peaching" has become the fashion with your foreign correspondents), I may inform you, had sneaked off to Hombourg, where he drank his waters and dropped his purse—which latter I found to my cost, having just missed not missing him, at Berlin, by a day.

But to return to Paris. The rehearsals of *Les Troyens* are going on daily at the Théâtre Lyrique. M. Berlioz has omitted the first part, by which we lose the Wooden Horse, Cassandra, and the sacking of Troy. But the passion and despair of Dido, the love and fickleness of Æneas, suffice for an opera, and the work stands complete. It might, indeed (and should, I think), be now entitled *Dido*. Æneas is only one Trojan, and cannot be accepted as "Trojans." Before reaching Carthage (as you know) he had thrown his progenitor (the "heavy father") from his back. But let that pass; M. Berlioz knows well what he is about. Every one speaks highly of the music of *Les Troyens*; and M. Jules Janin, to whom his *confrère* of the *Débats* has read the book, assured me that it is a *chef d'œuvre*. I can easily credit the genial "J. J.," for Hector Berlioz is nothing if not a poet (although he did take liberties with *Much Ado about Nothing* and bend Shakspeare to his own *Beatrice and Benedicts*) I wish *Les Troyens* "God speed!" Madame Charton, who is entrusted with the part of Dido (and who looks a veritable Dido) is here, and, report says, enchanted with her music. It is calculated that the opera may be produced before the end of November. Let us hope it will be long before M. Gounod is called upon for his new opera, of which rumor speaks highly. I am told that the copyright in this now completely-finished work has been purchased (for England and "*l'Etranger*" at least) by the well-known M. Gambart. The copyright for France—as indeed of all the operas by M. Gounod—is vested in that active and nothing-daunting agent, M. Schudenz.

Meanwhile, *en attendant Les Troyens* of Berlioz, M. Carvalho is preparing a French version of the late Otto Nicolai's *Lustigen Weiben von Windsor*, with which he will probably take just as many liberties as he did with the *Seraglio* and *Nozze di Figaro* of Mozart—to say nothing of the operas of Weber. Never, in my opinion, was there a theatre so monstrously over-rated as this same Lyrique.

Auber! *Quel homme!* Daily he may be seen, issuing from the postern (the artist's postern) of the Opéra Comique, walking arm in arm with Mlle. Cico, who is to play the chief part in the new opera at present in rehearsal, under his personal superintendence. The name of the work with which the hale and vigorous octogenarian is about once more to delight the world, is *La Fiancée du Roi de Sarbe*. The book is by Scribe, written many years since, but laid aside, and since terminated by M. de Saint Georges—"the Gallic Fitzball," as the *Times* has christened him. The story—to be found both in Boccaccio and La Fontaine—is of the most *scabreux*; but I am told that the most dangerous



incident has been handled with extreme delicacy by the veteran librettist, whose literary life was described by M. de St. Beuve (or some one of that stamp) as "*une longue faute de Francois*." True M. Scribe is not always quite grammatical, and not always quite French, but he is generally amusing; while others who are not always quite grammatical and not always quite French are never amusing. All who have heard the music of Auber's forthcoming opera pronounce it as young and fresh and sparkling as anything that he wrote in his best days! The *Opéra Comique* is in sad want of something new. The *Songe d'une Nuit d'Été* of M. Ambroise Thomas has been revived without success—and no wonder; its plot is absurd (Shakspeare a profligate, a pot-companion of Falstaff, and a lover of Queen Elizabeth!) and its music of the palest and wishy-washiest.

"What"—you will ask—"about the Grand Opera?" Alas! poor rickety thing!—it is on its final legs. Meyerbeer will not give his *Africaine* to such a *troupe*—and no wonder; he would be mad if he did. Who is there to keep company with Mdles. Titiens and Lucca, supposing them to be entrusted (M. Bacciocchi and the King of Prussia notwithstanding) with the principal parts? Who, indeed! I hear that Meyerbeer is very frequent and very anxious in his inquiries about Mr. Santley. *Qui sait!*—perhaps your English barytone may figure as French barytone in the *Africaine*. Stranger things have happened. For my part I am apprehensive that the appearance of the *Africaine* and the opening of the new Grand Opera—now slowly rising from the ground in the immediate vicinity of the Grand Hotel—are intended by fate (and Meyerbeer) to be contemporaneous events. We shall see. Meanwhile the illustrious composer occupies a handsome suite of apartments in the Rue Montaigne, facing the Champs Elysées, and, I am told, intends passing at least two months in Paris. Meyerbeer and Rossini, who are on the most friendly terms, have more than once exchanged visits. On a recent occasion the composer of *Guillaume Tell* reminded the composer of the *Huguenots* of their first meeting in Italy. "Do you remember"—asked Rossini—"that I was then more or less (*tant soit peu*) a composer of operas, while you were a great pianist, and played me one of Hummel's grand concertos by heart? Now things are changed. You are a composer of operas, and I am more or less of a pianist. When you come to my house I will play you my last compositions." It is all nonsense about Rossini having composed a *Don Giovanni*. When questioned about the fact he replied—"Ah! si j'avais le théâtre d'Offenbach, peut-être." A friend calling one day found the *gran maestro* poring attentively over a score. "What are you reading *maestro*?"—asked the friend. "*Ma foi*," said Rossini—"Je ne sais pas trop." It was the score of *Lohengrin*. "Why you have got it upside down"—remarked his visitor. Rossini, having been puzzled the other way, was really trying the experiment—but to just as little purpose. While in Paris, Wagner paid several visits to Rossini, and complained of the misrepresentations to which he was subjected. "Never mind"—said Rossini—"go on and persevere. If you succeed—all right; if you fail you are a martyr; in either case you will make a sensation—*on parlera de vous*." I have had the pleasure of more than one interview with Rossini, and among other topics was Mendelssohn—what he said about whom I may endeavor to recall in another letter.

GROKER ROORES.

P.S.—Mr. Charles Matthews' engagement at the Variétés approaches its termination. A more unequivocal success than his performance in *Un Anglais Timide* was never

obtained. The Italian Opera season began on Wednesday with *La Traviata*. In consequence of the death of M. Billault, the Emperor was not present.

#### To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—The *Liverpool Porcupine*, in its impression of October 3, contains the following paragraph, under the heading of "*Our Small Bird Nuisance*":—

"A controversy now going on in the columns of the *Times* as to whether small birds are a nuisance or a blessing, in consequence of their practice of helping themselves to the fruits and other good things of this earth, forcibly reminds *Porcupine* that some 'old birds' in the metropolis are very fond of borrowing the best of his good things, and forgetting to acknowledge the obligation. It may be a good joke to make *Fun of Porcupine's jeux-de-mot*, and 'Comie News' to Mr. Byron's friends that there is wit in *Liverpool*, which metropolitan editors are not ashamed to embezzle, though they are not so prompt to say where they picked it up. The *MUSICAL WORLD* also is not above ENLIGHTENING its otherwise dull pages by copying from us; but musical as well as literary writers appear—in London—to be quite forgetful of the laws of *meum and tuum* as regards the source of many articles which they attempt to pass off as original."

If, Sir, you wished to "enlighten" your "pages," you would hardly address yourself to the *Liverpool Porcupine*, whose information is scant. If you wished to lighten your pages, you would hardly address yourself to the *Liverpool Porcupine*, whose matter is heavy. If you wished to light your pages, as you would light your candle or cigar, you might then address yourself to the *Liverpool Porcupine*, whose *papyrus* is as flimsy, though not, perhaps, so combustible, as its editorial *columinus*. You may, therefore, do worse, in answer to the Liverpuddlian calumny, than quote the old nursery rhyme:—

There was an old *Liverpool Porcupine*,  
Who said to some fools, "If for work you pine,  
"Just each take a quill,  
"And my sheet with trash fill;  
"I'm a foolish and drivelling old *Porcupine*."

There is also another, beginning—

There was an old *Liverpool Porcupine*,  
Whose quills had no point—

but as the second line might be taken for a metaphorical allusion to the jokes of your contemporary, and as the third, fourth and fifth lines are much more pointed, I shall, in deference to *Porcupine's* traditional fretfulness (*vide Shakspeare*), refrain.

I have returned from Paris.

DISHLEY PETERS.

*Service Tree and Sable, Tadcaster, Oct. 12.*

P.S.—In quoting Abraham Lincoln's commonplaces about Shakspeare (we have got rid of the first *e*; and if Charles Knight had his way, we should get rid of the second *a*, and write Shakspere), why does Mr. Ap' Mutton head the paragraph, "*Erasmus Wilson on Shakspeare*?" What's E. Wilson to Shakspeare or Shakspeare to E. Wilson? "What"—I hear you *rejoin*—"is A. Lincoln to Shakspeare or Shakspeare to A. Lincoln?" To which I *retort*—What's either E. Wilson or A. Lincoln on Shakspeare to do with music, about which theme alone I am invited to contribute my opinions in the *M. W.*? To which you *reply* (I hear you)—"Why, then, did you drag in the subject?" To which I have nor reply, nor retort, nor *rejoin*—I will not say *rejoinder*, as that would be unfair to the other two words.

No doubt, however, Mr. Ap' Mutton had good reasons for substituting the famous skin-bleacher for the no less famous blood-letter (in the cause of "*Union*")—

"That jesting old homicide, Lincoln."

By the way, what has become of D. C., and what of the *Nonsensical Rhymes for Nonsensical Times*? Are the times grown sensical?—and is D. C. unable to compose "Rhymes" that are sensical? That the times are not grown sensical, M. George Bizet, "the young Bizet," who has written an opera called *Les Pêcheurs de Perles*, is proof positive. In this opera, says M. Jouvin (*Figaro Jouvin*), "the poem contains no *pêcheurs* and the music no *perles*." M. Jouvin says well, although while saying it he also says, *he would only say it if he were an epigrammatist*; for which—as, while saying *he would only say it if he were an epigrammatist*, he does really say it,—he may fairly pass. That is, he may pass (and be passed) for an epigrammatist.

Not so the editor of the *Liverpool Porcupine*, who, since I wrote what is above, has written what is below:—

"ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

"MR. PORCUPINE, last week, felt it his duty to speak feelingly, yet more in sorrow than in anger, of the predatory habits and forgetfulness of some metropolitan literary *Raptors*, or birds of prey, who had been making more free than welcome with his property at various times. One of the offenders thus gibbeted was the *Musical World*, the principal contributors to which journal, judging by their *noms de plume*, and their inharmonious articles, evidently reside at Colny Hatch, or Hanwell. On the very day in which our article saw the light, the editor of the *Morning Herald* had the cool impudence to insert in its columns a would-be facetious and satirical attack on an "eminent tragedian," residing in the metropolis, who varies his theatrical duties by teaching elocution. This article, which is composed of bad grammar and hysterical efforts at smartness, is quoted from the *Liverpool Porcupine*, where—it is almost unnecessary to state—it never appeared. It is bad enough for jays to appear in peacock's feathers under any circumstances, but when the feathers are mere imitation, the swindle is doubly discreditable. Mr. *Porcupine*, in his world-wide charity, pardons dull editors attempting to vary the monotonous dreariness of their publications, by decking them out with foreign brilliants—out of place though they may seem—but he must object to his honoured name being thus palmed off by literary "smashers," on the credulous subscribers. Mr. *Porcupine* is always ready to do a good turn for venerable but weakly publications like the *Musical World*, when they act honestly, if not wisely; but he confidently tells J. W. D., D. R. and J. V. B., that if the *Musical World* contained more music and less nonsense, it need not borrow, even from *Porcupine*, to find readers. Above all, let them remember that literary *dementia* is no excuse for obtaining credit on false pretences."

That the times are not grown sensical the mere existence of the *Liverpool Porcupine* is further proof positive. Shall I say, rather, proof superlative? I may "confidently tell" J. H. N. and tail that if the *Liverpool Porcupine* contained more nonsense and less music, it need not borrow even from the *Musical World* to find readers. True, in a sense, its music *is* nonsense, but it is nonsense without intending to be nonsense, which is the most nonsensical species of nonsense. Its attack on the *Morning Herald* will doubtless be answered by "Manhattan," to whose tender mercies I leave it.

P.S.—No. 2.—Since writing the foregoing, another article from the *Liverpool Porcupine* has been submitted to my notice. The title of this article is, "*Reform your programmes*." At present, however, I am out of breath and need repose; so that "*Reform your programmes*" must await my convenience. D. P.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

SIR,—Mr. Costa, I perceive, is busy in the composition of a new oratorio, and the book has been supplied to him by Mr. Bartholomew, who may be called the sacred poet, *par excellence*, and whose name is honorably connected with Mendelssohn in nearly all his grand sacred masterpieces. Mr. Bartholomew has taken the subject of his new oratorio

from the Second Book of *Kings*, chapter V., which relates how Naaman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, a mighty man in valor, was also a leper, and how the leprosy was cured. The cure is thus related:—The Syrians have brought away captive, out of the land of Israel, a little maid, who waited on Naaman's wife. The little maid, being told of her master's malady, informs her mistress that there is a prophet in Samaria who can "recover" him of his leprosy. When Naaman learns what the little maid says, he has faith, acquaints the king of Syria, who bids him depart, gives him a letter to the king of Israel and loads him with presents for the prophet—ten talents of silver, six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. When Naaman presents the letter of the Syrian king to the king of Israel, his Israelitish majesty grows wroth, rends his clothes and cries aloud, "Am I God, to kill and make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy?" Elisha, hearing of the king's extravagant doings, dispatches a messenger to him and enquires to what purpose he has sent his garments, and bids him send the affected man to him, saying, "Let him come now to me and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel." Naaman comes with his horses and chariot, and stands at the door of the house of Elisha. The prophet does not appear, but through the mouth of a servant enjoins the Syrian captain to go and wash in Jordan seven times, telling him that his "flesh shall come again to him and he shall be clean." But this mode of cure is not agreeable to Naaman, who is sorely offended. "Are not Abana and Pharpar," he cries, "rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? May I not wash in them and be clean?" So he turns and goes away in a rage. He is, however, persuaded to follow the prescription of the man of God by his servants, who say to him, "My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, would'st thou not have done it? How much rather, then, when he saith to thee, 'Wash, and be clean?'" And Naaman goes and dips himself in the Jordan seven times, and his flesh comes again like the flesh of a little child, and he is made clean. Then he returns to Elisha and says, "Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel: therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant." "Blessing," here, means a present or gift. But the prophet refuses, though urged, and declares he will receive none, "As the Lord liveth before whom I stand." Naaman then prays Elisha for two mule's burthen of earth, since he "will henceforth offer neither burnt offerings nor sacrifice unto other gods, but unto the Lord." The earth is granted him and he departs. But a servant of Elisha, named Gehazi, indignant that his master should have rejected the presents and money the Syrian had brought, runs after and overtakes the departing cavalcade, and Naaman, perceiving his coming, alights from his chariot and demands, "Is all well?" Then answers Gehazi, "My master hath sent me, saying, 'Behold, even now there be come to me from Mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver and two changes of garments.'" And Naaman, suspecting nothing, urges him to take two talents of silver and two changes of garments, and sends two of his servants to convey them to the house of the man of God. When Gehazi has taken the money and clothes from the servants of Naaman, and has disposed of them in the house, he goes in and stands before Elisha. And the man of God, who is not ignorant of what has passed, rebukes Gehazi and bids the leprosy of Naaman cleave unto him and his seed for ever. "And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow."

The above story could not by any possibility be converted into a stage drama; but I think there is abundant scope for the subject of an oratorio. I have, of course, no idea how Mr. Bartholomew has treated it, but no great ingenuity is required to place the choruses well, and a fine effect of contrast may be obtained in the music for the Syrian and Israelitish multitudes. The female singers we may suppose to be Naaman's wife and the little captive maid, who, though they prevail but little in the sacred narrative, are capable of being made to figure prominently. It is but reasonable to expect from Mr. Costa a work of higher pretensions than *Eli*. With the reception accorded to that oratorio the composer must have been thoroughly satisfied—few first works indeed of its kind were ever received with more favor. But Mr. Costa is ambitious and looks forward to increasing fame, and naturally would not be content to stand still. We may be assured that he will put forth his whole strength, and confidently anticipate that *Naaman* will be an improvement upon *Eli*. The new oratorio, I hear, is to be performed at the Birmingham Festival of 1864.

#### RIPPINGTON PIPE.

P.S.—I have read the letter in your last impression headed "Maggioni v. Rippington Pipe," but cannot understand its meaning. I respect Signor Maggioni as a poet, but am puzzled by his prose. His letter eludes my comprehension. If Signor Maggioni will put his prose into Italian verse I promise to answer him in English doggerel. Signor Maggioni is fond of quotations. So excellent and ready classical a scholar cannot have forgotten the line of the lost poet Tatus Hymus, quoted by Aulus Gellius in his book *De Deferentiâ primâ Nodi* :—

"Ingemans gliglag medias sputavit in undas."

Nor, by the way, the line so unaccountably omitted from the later editions of the *Adelphi* of Terence, commented upon so severely Scaliger :—

"Sicut erat tanquam socius Majore tu Gratas."

Nay, if he can quote I can cite too. If I have not the classics at my finger ends, what of that? Have I not my Dictionary of Quotations? Let me suggest to Signor Maggioni in conclusion, that Quotation is not Argument, and that Reiteration is the last resource of the baffled disputant.

#### WAGNER ET QUEUES.

(Au Rédacteur du MUSICAL WORLD).

MONSIEUR.—Apropos de M. Bizet, auteur des *Pêcheurs des Perles*. L'an dernier, je me trouvais à Bade, moi, profane, au milieu d'un petit nombre de croyants intraitables sur l'article de la foi allemande, et, comme bien vous pensez, je marchais irrévérencieusement au rebours de l'allure dévotieuse de ces sectaires ardents et convaincus. Dans ce cénacle de demidieux, ou aspirant à le devenir, Hector Berlioz représentait le vénéré Nestor, Charles Gounod le prudent Ulysse, Ernest Reyer le bouillant Ajax, et l'auteur des *Pêcheurs des Perles* le jeune et déjà fongueux Achille,—un Achille échappé de la veille de la cour de Lycomède et rejetant avec dédain le nom et le costume féminin de Pyrrha (c'est-à-dire l'enseignement classique du Conservatoire), pour se jeter dans la mêlée artistique. L'éclair du glaive avait révélé à Achille sa vocation de héros; le choc des harmonies que l'auteur du *Tannhauser* fait pénétrer comme la pointe d'un sabre dans les oreilles de ses auditeurs, avait opéré sur mon jeune ami Bizet un miracle analogue. Du reste, à l'exception de Berlioz—un protestant de l'autre côté

du Rhin—tous chantaient les louanges de Wagner. Bien plus, persuadés que la foi qui n'agit pas n'est point une foi sincère, ils voulurent, entre la poire et le fromage, me confier une *partie* dans cet *hosannah*,—probablement celle que le musicien de *Béatrix et Benedict* ne consentait à aucun prix à exécuter. Georges Bizet, croyant me conquérir par un pieux mensonge qui devait brûler sa langue, alla jusqu'à me dire :—"Vous aimez la musique de Verdi; eh bien! Wagner, c'est Verdi avec du style."—J'entends encore cette parole captieuse; je vois encore d'ici la cabriolette que cette comparaison sacrilège fit exécuter à Reyer indigné. Le diable se tiendrait plus commodément au fond d'un bénitier, empli jusqu'aux bords, que le nom de Verdi sur les lèvres intolérantes de l'auteur de la *Statue*. Reyer regarda Bizet de travers. Celui-ci, baissant les yeux, semblait dire pour s'excuser : "Il faut bien un peu mentir dans l'intérêt de la bonne cause." Quant à moi, cet essai de conversion resté infructueux me fit sourire et me rappela une historiette de Plutarque, celle de ce musicien que les Lacédémoniens mirent à l'amende "parce qu'il avoit touché les cordes de son cithre avecque les doigts." Ce passage obscur devenait clair pour moi. Richard Wagner était justement ce musicien qui, appuyant sans ménagement les doigts sur les cordes, faisait rendre à son luth des sons par trop grinçants; et les Parisiens s'étaient montrés non pas Spartiates vraiment, mais Athéniens, et des plus délicats, en mettant le compositeur à l'amende.

B. JOUVIN.

#### NOTES BY THE WAY.

To the Editor of the MUSICAL WORLD.

CARO AMICO,—I send you a few jottings, or pencillings, or pennings, which I set down on my late hurried tour through some of the German States—opinions of men and things, to which you are very welcome, if you think they are worth a place in your journal. You must not expect fine writing, for I wrote at random, and cannot undertake to correct what I wrote. I can promise you, however, that what I did put down on paper represents the real impressions of the moment. So here you are.

STEPHEN HEADLONG.

BADEN-BADEN, Sept. 1, 1863.

Just arrived, to keep my promise. As regards Baden-Baden, everybody is here, from Bignell, of the Argyle Rooms, down to the King of Holland, King and Queen of Prussia, and Meyerbeer—a perfect *vol-au-vent* of celebrities, seasoned by *toutes les femmes les plus chiques de Paris*. Leonie Leblanc (of the *Vandeville*), however, pitched it rather too strong, and was requested to vacate by the police.

Four Italian operas—*Lucia*, *Rigoletto*, *Trovatore* and the *Ballo in Maschera*; artists: Mad. Charton, Mdle. Battu, Mad. Demerice Lablanche, Signori Naudin and Delle Sedie, and Vairo.—Meyerbeer, in search of a tenor for the long-promised *Africaine*, came expressly to hear Naudin, with whom he is nearly satisfied. *Grand success*.—Races commence to-day—four days—last day, September 7.—There are the ingredients, now cook up the dish yourself. S. H.

HOMBURG, HOTEL D'ANGLETERRE.—(Three waiters who all speak no English worth understanding, though fluent metaphysicians)—September the (I forget the day of the month through excessive travelling—fine scenery—but I will swear to September, not only because I was born in that enticing month (partridges) but also because I have a bill due on the 19th, and am a business man. Hence my oath is of value and weight). DEAR.—Having won upwards of nine florins at the captivating game of *rouge-et-noir*, I was overcome with enchantment, and asked the waiter at the hotel (Angleterre) whether there were any tables de jeu in Paradise. He informed me that there were no tables equal to those of Homburg. Therefore, I shall not go to Paradise, for I am assured that the heavenly system includes two Zeros. John is a very good boy and wins steadily. I like anybody who is steady, especially when he (or she) wins. I drink your health in Laubensteiner (3fl. 45k.). Congratulations and salutations.—Yours, until we start for England, S. H.

A musical festival to-morrow, with a chorus of 1400 selected voices, at the end of Fourth Avenue, near the apert waters. The whole town (query, city?) is decorating its lodgings with evergreens. It will



be very grand. I shall send you a report.—Yours, with a devotion which exceeds the lending of money, S. H.

I forgot to mention that the grand singing match between the 1400 tune-fellows will be continued on Monday. I will send you a report. The last (contrary to the usual custom) will take the prize. Donkey races are conducted on the same eccentric principle. H. S.

### A MUSICAL PUZZLE.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Can any one of your readers explain and resolve this musical puzzle?—



Yours truly,

L. K.

Belfast, September, 1863.

**THE LATE FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.**—On Saturday last the final meeting of the stewards of the Worcester Musical Festival of 1863 was held at the Guildhall, Worcester, Mr. R. W. Johnson in the chair, to audit the accounts of the festival. The Rev. R. Sarjeant, hon. secretary to the festival, produced the accounts, from which it appeared that the total receipts from the sale of tickets amounted to £4,220, 8s., which was an increase of about £520 on the receipts of the last Worcester Festival in 1860. The expenditure was £3,732, 11s. 6d., leaving a balance in hand of £487, 11s. 6d., instead of a deficiency, as is usually the case; such deficiency having to be made up by the stewards. Out of the £487, however, there were still outstanding payments to be made of £60, reducing the surplus to £427, 11s. 6d. The collections at the cathedral doors for the Charity for the Relief of Clergymen's Widows and Orphans amounted to £1,121, 14s. 1d., which would be handed over intact to the charity. It was stated that not a single nobleman in the county had sent in any contribution to the charity fund—a most unusual occurrence. Letters had been received from the Bishop and the Mayor of Worcester, and the cordial thanks of the meeting were unanimously voted to the Rev. R. Sarjeant for his unwearied exertions in bringing the festival to so successful an issue; to Herr Schachner for the pains and trouble he had taken in reference to the preparation for his new oratorio, *Israel's Return from Babylon*; to the Bishop of Worcester, as president; the Dean, and Mr. Done, conductor of the festival. The next meeting will be held at Hereford, in 1864.

**MONUMENT TO THE LATE THOMAS W. BOWLBY.**—There is now (writes the *Sunderland Times*) in course of erection at Bishopwearmouth parish church a monument to the late Thomas William Bowlby, of this town, *The Times* correspondent in the late Chinese war, whose horrible sufferings and death, after being captured by the enemy, will be remembered by all. It has been designed by Mr. J. Pennethorne, architect, of London, and executed by Mr. Wren, of Pimlico, and will be placed in the south aisle of the church, near the chancel. It is executed in Aubigny stone, the tablet being polished black marble. The design is in the pointed Gothic, and is most chaste. Upon the tablet, in gilt letters, is placed the following inscription, written by Mr. Bowlby's schoolfellow and fellowtownsman, Mr. Tom Taylor:—"In memory of THOMAS WILLIAM BOWLBY, son of the late Captain Thomas Bowlby, R.A., born at Gibraltar, and educated at the Grange School, in this neighbourhood, who, while fulfilling the duties of correspondent to THE TIMES newspaper, in the Chinese war of 1860, was captured by the enemy, and, with his fellow prisoners, died under the barbarous treatment of his captors, on the 25th of September, 1860, in the 43d year of his age. This tablet is erected by a body of his friends and schoolfellows as a tribute of respect and affection."

**SIGNOR SIVORI**, the violinist, has arrived in Paris. Will this eminent Italian *virtuoso* ever be heard at the Monday Popular Concerts? His performances, 17 years ago, at the concerts of the Beethoven Quartet Society, originated by the late Mr. Alsager, and after that lamented amateur's death conducted by M. Scipion Rousselot, are still remembered with satisfaction by good judges.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—The Sacred Harmonic Society commenced its rehearsals for the season at Exeter Hall on Friday evening week. The concert season will begin on Friday, November 13, with Mr. Costa's oratorio, *Eli*. The principal vocalists at present engaged are Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Winn.

### ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.

The eighth season commenced on Monday, with a new opera called *The Desert Flower*, the music by Mr. W. V. Wallace. The house was brilliantly attended, conspicuous among the audience being the Prince and Princess of Wales and the Princess Christian of Denmark, not to name the King of the Greeks, with other personages more or less royal and distinguished. Of course, the national anthem (solos by Miss L. Pyne and Mr. Harrison) was performed after the conclusion of the opera.

The libretto of *The Desert Flower* is founded upon the *Jaguarita* of MM. de Saint Georges and Leuven, for which music was composed by the late Halévy, in 1855, and a description of which appeared in the Paris correspondence of *The Musical World* shortly after the production of the opera at the Théâtre Lyrique. We need only say, then, that Mr. Augustus Harris, upon whom the duty of adapting the book for Mr. Wallace devolved, has, while modifying some of the incidents and changing the names of the *dramatis personæ*, adhered pretty closely to the original. On the whole, we are inclined to consider the alterations made by Mr. Harris as improvements. The poet's labors were undertaken by Mr. Thomas J. Williams, who has performed them diligently and well.

Mr. Wallace's music will be reviewed at length, next week, in another column. In general terms it may be here described as equal in flowing melody, dramatic expression, and musician-like treatment, to his best. Without being as ambitious in design or as bold in coloring as *The Amber Witch*, it has the sparkle and winning grace of *Lurline*; while, viewed exclusively in the light of a ballad-opera, it may be placed side by side with *Maritana*. In proof of this last assertion we may cite the quaint hunting-song of Maurice, "Through the pathless forest drear," and the pretty "Wood-bird's song" (with flute accompaniment), for Oanita, in the first act; the sentimental romance of Casgan, "The pangs of unrequited love," the comic song for Von Pumpnickel, "Why did I leave my country dear?" the touching song of Maurice, "Though born in woods," the even more engaging ballad for Oanita, "Why throbs this heart with rapture new?" in the second; and the pleasing romance, for Maurice, "My loved home I shall ne'er see more," in the third and last—all these are "gems" in their peculiar way, and some of them—more especially the ballads for Casgan, Maurice, and Oanita, in the second act—have every chance of becoming as popular as the most popular of our modern operatic songs. In the overture, finales, and principal concerted pieces, Mr. Wallace has aimed, with great poetic propriety, at imparting an Indian, or—to speak by the card—Anakowtaic, coloring, and succeeded to the life. These, without exception, are vigorously and admirably composed, while less elaborate and pretentious than other similar pieces from the same pen. All else we have to say about the music will be duly set down in its proper place.

The characters in *The Desert Flower* are thus distributed:—Oanita (*Jaguarita*), Miss Louisa Pyne; Eva (*Heva*), Miss Susan Pyne; Captain Maurice (*Captain Maurice*), Mr. Harrison; Casgan (*Mama Jumbo*), Mr. Weiss; Major Von Pumpnickel (*Major Von Trump*), Mr. Corri; Sergeant Petermann (*Sergeant Petermann*), Mr. A. Cooke. Of these and their efforts anon. *En attendant*, the opera is superbly placed on the stage; the costumes (if not strictly Anakowtaic in respect of the Indians) are new and appropriate; the scenery, by Mr. T. Grieve, is picturesque and beautiful; the ballet (arranged by Mr. W. H. Payne) is characteristic and effective as could be wished. The band and chorus, under the able and energetic guidance of Mr. Alfred Mellon, are throughout efficient.

Last night the opera was given for the fifth time, and, as at the first performance, encores were awarded to Mr. Weiss, in "The pangs of unrequited love," to Miss Louisa Pyne, in "Why throbs this heart with rapture new?" and to Mr. Harrison, in "Though born in woods." The applause, moreover, was liberal from beginning to end; and there can be little doubt that *The Desert Flower* has invaded and conquered the ear public. It is to be repeated every night next week.

Mr. Balfe's new opera, *The Duke's Motto* (libretto by Mr. John Brougham), is finished and in process of copying. It will now fall to Mr. Harrison to vociferate, "I AM HERE!"

## DRAMATIC.

The revival of *Manfred* at Drury Lane has proved a triumphant success, owing to the splendor and completeness of the "getting up," the attraction of the music and the acting of Mr. Phelps. *Manfred* is not properly a play, but a poem in a dramatic form, and, however magnificent the poetry may be, would be totally unfit for the stage without the addition of scenery and music. Messrs. Falconer and Chatterton, fully aware of that important fact, have supplied superb and dazzling scenery and costumes of the most gorgeous kind, and have restored the entire music written originally by Bishop, with some new pieces added by Mr. Barnard, musical conductor of the theatre, and Herr Randegger. To give the best effect to the music an efficient chorus has been engaged, as well as the following soloists:—Misses Poole, Cicely Nott, Emma Heywood, Weston and Mr. Swift. Some of the songs are extremely effective, more especially a contralto air sung by Miss Emma Heywood, which could hardly have been given with purer voice or better taste. Mr. Phelps, of course, is the hero of the performances. He plays *Manfred* with his usual care and firmness of declamation, as well as his usual want of poetry and refinement. The cast included, in addition to the ladies just named, Mrs. Edmund Falconer, Misses Atkinson, C. Weston, Heath and Rose Leclercq among the supernaturals, Mr. Ryder as the Abbot and Mr. Neville as the Chamois-hunter among the mortals. The piece is performed nightly and with apparently increasing success.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Five representations of Italian Opera are announced at this theatre, to begin with *Faust*, on Saturday the 31st instant. The singers are Mdle. Titiens, Mdle. Volpini, Mdle. Trebelli, Signor Bettini, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, &c., &c.

The re-production of *The Rivals* at the HAYMARKET, on Wednesday night, introduced a new actress in the character of Mrs. Malaprop. Miss Snowdon comes from the Dublin and Brighton theatres, and exhibits rare natural gifts, as well as superior attainments. She is, however, too young in appearance, and too refined in deportment for Mrs. Malaprop, but is nevertheless every inch an artist. The play was well supported in the other parts except in that of Sir Lucius O' Trigger, by Mr. Braid, which was a mistake. Mr. Buckstone's Bob Acres was wonderfully funny.

At the STRAND THEATRE a new semi-serious drama, entitled *Miriam's Crime*, author Mr. H. F. Craven, was recently produced with extraordinary success. The audience, accustomed to the most violent burlesques, and the broadest farces, applauded the tragic portions of the piece more than the comic, even though that was supported by the irresistible caricature acting of Mr. George Honey. Miss Kate Saville, who made her first appearance at the Strand, created a powerful impression in *Miriam*, although her performance was weakened by being too tearful.

MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS. The sixth season commences on the 2nd of November, with M. Lotto as first violin, Mr. Charles Hallé, pianist, and Mr. Benedict, conductor.

CARLO PATTI, writes the *Art Musical*, brother of the celebrated Adeline, was recently made prisoner by the Federals. He had served for two years in the Confederate army.

EDINBURGH (from a correspondent).—Miss Chipperfield has made a very successful *début* in a new operetta entitled *The Gipsy Girl*; or, *the Cottage of Roses*, the libretto by Mr. Fitzball, the music by Mr. Thorpe Pede. The song "Summer Roses," sung by Miss Chipperfield, is encored every evening, and promises to become very popular. Mr. Pede, we are told, has a Comic Opera also ready, the libretto by the same author, and he is at present engaged on a Grand Romantic Opera in three acts, the libretto by the late George Soane, author of the *Night Dancers*, *Innkeeper's Daughter*, &c.

DIBDIN AND HIS SONGS.—(From a Correspondent).—Mr. Fred Penna gave his interesting entertainment on "Dibdin and his Songs," at Deptford, on Wednesday evening, before a large audience. Whether or not it be from the fact of its having been given so successfully on board H.M.S. "Britannia," this entertainment never fails to draw a good attendance. After a few general but appropriate remarks respecting the genius of Dibdin, a brief outline of the career of that gifted man is traced, Mr. Penna singing two of the best songs from his operas, in illustration of Dibdin's powers of writing for the stage. Most of the songs, however, are from Dibdin's own entertainments, and these furnish materials for Mr. Penna to illustrate Dibdin as a patriot, a wit, a satirist, and as the "matchless inspirer of England's navy." All the songs and recitations were given by Mr. Penna with great taste and feeling, and were received with considerable applause, "Tom Bowling" and "The Tight Little Island" being rapturously encored. The entertainment is well deserving the success it meets. Madame Penna accompanied all the songs with her usual ability.

MEYERBEER.—The composer of the *Huguenots* and *Dinorah* (who is still in Paris) has, we hear, been for some time engaged upon a grand biblical opera on the subject of *Judith*.

THE MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—The meetings of the Council have already been resumed. The first took place on the 7th, the second on the 14th inst. On Wednesday, November 4th (anniversary of the death of Mendelssohn), a second trial of new orchestral compositions will take place in the Hanover Square Rooms.

THE NATIONAL CHORAL SOCIETY announce the commencement of their new season on Wednesday, November 25, when Handel's *Judas Maccabæus* will be performed with a Band and Chorus of 700. Mr. Sims Reeves has been engaged for the Ten Subscription Concerts to be given by this Society during the forthcoming season. Mr. Santley will also sing in *Judas Maccabæus*, and Mr. G. W. Martin, as usual, will conduct.

MISS ALICE DODD.—The *Manchester Examiner*, writing of this young artist's performance in Mr. William Brough's Burlesque of *Fra Diavolo* at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, says:—As "Lady Allcash" and "Zerlina," Miss Dodd showed artistic skill in which there is much promise of future excellence. With a most pleasant face and a good figure are combined an agreeable and well-trained voice, accompanied by a lady-like manner, that at once secured the sympathy of her audience. Though but recently acquainted with the stage, she was quite at home; as easy and graceful as though "to the manner born;" and we venture to predict that in dramatic pieces where music is required she will soon take a prominent position. Miss Dodd was encored in the singing of "The Minstrel Boy," and might have accepted other calls for repetition had she been less diffident.

DOVER.—(From a Correspondent).—Mrs. Merest's morning and evening concerts in the Wellington Hall on Tuesday were highly successful. The programme of the morning concert was exclusively sacred, consisting of selections from *The Messiah*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Elijah* and *The Creation*. The singers, besides Madame Merest, were Miss Allen, Mr. Dyson, Mr. Carter and Mr. Lambert, who all acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of the audience. Mrs. Merest was encored in "O rest in the Lord" (*Elijah*) and "Ere infancy's bud" (*Creation*). Mr. Henry Baumer played Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique* and a *Lied ohne worte* of Mendelssohn's, the latter the talented artist was called upon to repeat. The evening concert comprised secular music, performed by the same artists, and with the same success. There were no less than five encores—Miss Allen in a ballad by Mrs. Merest, "I wish I were a fairy queen;" Messrs. Carter, Dyson and Lambert, in a serenade by Haydn, entitled "Maiden fair;" Mr. Henry Baumer, in two pianoforte solos; and Mrs. Merest, in her own ballad, "I'll speak of thee," and Dibdin's "Tom Bowling." The novelty of the evening was the tenor song from *Faust*, "Salve dimora," sung by Mrs. Merest. The effect was remarkable. The same party gave the same programme on Wednesday morning and evening at the Town Hall, Folkestone, when the audience appeared equally delighted with artists and selection. Mr. Henry Baumer accompanied the vocal music on each occasion.

BEDFORD.—Mr. P. H. Diemer's Concert took place on Thursday evening the 8th inst., and proved in every respect a great success. Amongst the large and fashionable audience were—The High Sheriff (B. H. Starey, Esq.) and party, Lieutenant-Col. Wm. Stuart, M.P. and Mrs. Stuart, &c., &c. The selections, vocal and instrumental, were judicious, and on the whole gave satisfaction. In the opening pianoforte duo, "Homage to Handel," Messrs. Holmes and Diemer were exceedingly happy; and Madame Weiss gave the ballad, "Ah, why do we love," with much sweetness, as well as the serenade, "The lark now leaves his watery nest." Nothing could be more effective than "How sleep the brave," by Mr. Weiss, who was in excellent voice. His "Village Blacksmith" was deservedly encored, and he was equally successful in "Will the Warrener." Mr. Chatterton, in "Homage to Bellini," and a fantasia in the second part, fully sustained his reputation. The cultivated taste and rare musical talent of Mr. W. H. Holmes, professor of the pianoforte at the Royal Academy, received honorable recognition: his *fantasia*, "Fairy Fingers," abounding in intricate and charming passages, was a wonderful performance. Nor must we omit mention of our own townsman, the caterer on the occasion: his execution of the "Moss in Egitto," of Thalberg, and his own "Blue Bells of Scotland," with variations, must be placed amongst the "gems" of the evening. The duet from *Lucia di Lammermoor*, by Mr. and Madame Weiss, was chastely rendered. The other pieces in the programme were almost equally successful. The arrangements were under the direction of Mr. T. Bull and Mr. Cooper, who performed the task in a most satisfactory manner. Thanks are due to Mr. Diemer for having provided so rich a musical treat for his numerous friends and patrons; and the result has added to his reputation as well as, it is hoped, to his resources.—*Oxford Independent*.

DUBLIN.—The performances of the pupils in the popular establishment of Mr. Gaskin's Singing Academy, 40 Great Brunswick St., is thus noticed by the *Freeman's Journal*, Oct. 12:—

"The gifted *prima donna*, Mdle. Volpini, of the Italian Opera Company, Signor Volpini, Signor Grua, &c. &c.; Miss Holmes, the authoress of the *Rise and Progress of the Art of Music*; Mr. Aulad Ali, professor of Eastern languages in T.C.D.; Mr. Wellington Guernsey, the popular song writer, &c.; with a number of ladies and gentlemen, amateurs and lovers of the art, paid a visit on Saturday to the private practice of Mr. Gaskin's Advanced Singing Classes of Ladies, held at his Academy, 40 Great Brunswick-street. After solfaing several vocal exercises by the most renowned masters in every style, modern and ancient, the pupils sang Guglielmo's duet, "Com' e bello in Mar," and his "Alla Mia Maria;" Callcott's "Friend of the Brave;" Virginia Gabriel's "The Harp and the Breeze;" Wellington Guernsey's "Come to Glengariff;" John Barnett's "Fatherland;" selections from Gounod's *Faust*; with several Italian and German popular works. All present signified the great pleasure they derived from the performances by Mr. Gaskin's pupils. Mdle. Volpini was so much pleased with the display of the various pupils in the several styles of music that she expressed her delight by announcing that on her next visit to the Irish metropolis she would sing with much pleasure in conjunction with Mr. Gaskin's classes at a public concert to be given by him. The exhibition of these classes was a great success, and Mr. Gaskin has much cause to be proud of the progress made by his pupils."

Another journal notices the closing of the Italian Opera Campaign thus:—

"The Italian operatic engagement closed brilliantly on Saturday evening with a second representation of *Oberon*. His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant and the Misses Lascelles were present in the Vice-regal box. The opera went off in many particulars much more effectively than on its first production. On Saturday evening, Mr. Reeves was in magnificent voice. His delivery of the song, "Oh, 'tis a glorious sight," was a triumph of vocal art—full of soul-stirring energy and earnest power. The marvellous flexibility of his voice, its richness and capacity for tender expression in the lower and middle, and that clarion-like ringing quality in the upper, register which is a peculiarity with Mr. Reeves, were never displayed, as far as our experience goes, with such transcendent effect. The Reiza of Mdle. Titiens was in every sense a noble performance, glowing with the impress of genius, and full of high artistic reality. In "Mare Tremendo" (Ocean, though mighty monster," &c.), she showed herself triumphantly equal to the immensity of her subject! What would not Weber have given to have such a singer as Titiens when *Oberon* was brought out? Madlle. Trebelli, always charming both as singer and actor, seems to us especially so as "the lovely Arab maid, Fatima." She won an enthusiastic encore in "Arabia, cara Arabia," and never failed to attract the attention of the house. Mr. Santley sang gloriously as Sherazmin, and Signor Bettini with his usual taste in *Oberon*. There is comparatively little for Puck, but this little was as happily done by Mdle. Volpini as could be desired. At the conclusion of the second act a handsome floral wreath was lowered from the top gallery, as an offering to Mdle. Titiens, who, with Mr. Reeves, Mdle. Trebelli and Mr. Santley, was then on the stage. Mr. Reeves placed the wreath on the head of the gifted *prima donna* amidst rapturous plaudits. Signor Arditi conducted, and Mr. Levey led the orchestra.

THE SURPLUS FUNDS OF THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF WALES.—A dispute has arisen in reference to the application of the surplus funds of the national Eisteddfod. The Swansea local committee have voted several sums of money to some of their number, including the secretary, treasurer, &c.; but one of the leading members of the general committee has protested against this step, on the ground that it was arranged at the commencement that expenses out of pocket only should be paid to those on the committee, secretary, and others who assisted. Two or three of the parties have offered to return the money voted to them, but the dispute has not yet been settled.

"DE GHOSTIBUS" AGAIN.—We understand that, as the next attraction at the Theatre Royal, the "Management" have made arrangements to give the public "The Ghost of a Chance"—of being amused, and filling the establishment.—*Liverpool Porcupine*.—(THERE!)

BADEN.—The German Company from Carlsruhe lately gave a spirited performance of Gluck's *Iphigenie in Aulis*. The choruses went admirably. The orchestra, too, was excellent, and worthily supported the principal artists.

NUREMBERG.—The season opened with the *Huguenots*. The house was crammed. Herr Young sustained the part of Raoul.

## Advertisements.

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